ODE
AD
Henricum St. John, Armig'

I.

O Qui reciſæ finibus Indicis
Benignus Herbæ, das mihi divitem
Haurire ſuccum, & ſuaveolentes
Sæpe Tubis iterare fumos;

II.

Qui ſolus acri reſpicis aſperum
Siti palatum, proluis & Mero,
Dulcem elaborant cui ſaporem
Heſperii pretiúmque, Soles:

III.

Ecquid reponam muneris omnium
Exors bonorum? Prome reconditum,
Pimplæa, Carmen, deſidéſque
Ad numeros, age, tende chordas.

IV.

Ferri ſecundo mens avet impetu,
Quà Cygniformes per liquidum æthera,
Te, Diva, vim præbente, Vates
Explicuit Venuſinus alas:

V.

Solers modorum, ſeu Puerum, trucem.
Cum Matre flavâ, ſeu caneret Roſas
Et Vina, Cyrrhæis Hetruſcum
Rite beans Equitem ſub antris.

VI.

At non Lyæi vis generoſior
Affluxit illi; ſæpe licet cadum
Jactet Falernum, ſæpe Chiæ
Munera, lætitiamque teſtæ.

VII.

Patronus illi non fuit Artium
Celebriorum; ſed nec amantior,
Nec charus æquè. O! quæ medullas
Flamma ſubit, tacitoſque ſenſus

VIII. Per-

VIII.

Pertentat, ut Téque & Tua munera
Gratus recordor, Mercurialium
Princeps Virorum! & ipſe Muſæ
Cultor, & uſque colende Muſis!

IX.

Sed me minantem grandia deficit
Receptus ægre ſpiritus, ilia
Dum pulſat ima, ac inquietum
Tuſſis agens ſine more pectus.

X.

Alté petito quaſſat anhelitu;
Funeſta planè, ni mihi balſamum
Diſtillet in venas, Tuæque
Lenis opem ferat hauſtus Uvæ.

XI.

Hanc ſumo, parcis & Tibi poculis
Libo ſalutem; quin precor, Optima
Ut uſque Conjux ſoſpitetur,
Perpetuo recreens amore.

XII.

Te consulentem Militiæ super
Rebus Togatum. Macte! Tori decus
Formosa cui *Franciſca* ceſſit,
Crine placens, niveoque Collo!

XIII.

Quam Gratiarum cura decentium
O! O! labellis cui Venus inſidet!
Tu ſorte felix; me *Maria*
Macerat (ah miſerum!) videndo:

XIV.

Maria, quæ me ſidereo tuens
Obliqua vultu per medium jecur
Trajecit, atque excuſſit omnes
Protinus ex animo Puellas.

XV.

Hanc, ulla mentis ſpe mihi mutuæ
Utcunque deſit, nocte, die vigil
Suſpiro; nec jam Vina ſomnos
Nec revocant, tua Dona, Fumi.

AN ODE TO *Henry St. John*, Esq;

I.

O Thou from *INDIA*'s fruitful Soil,
That dost that soveraign Herb * prepare;
In whose rich Fumes I lose the Toil
Of Life, and every anxious Care:
While from the fragrant lighted Bole,
I suck *new* Life into my Soul;

II.

THOU, only THOU! art kind to view
The parching Flames that I sustain;
Which with cool Draughts Thy Casks subdue
And wash away the thirsty Pain,
With Wines, whose Strength and Taste we prize,
From *Latian* Suns and nearer Skies.

III. Oh!

* TOBACCO.

III.

Oh! ſay, to bleſs thy pious Love,
What Vows, what offerings ſhall I bring?
Since I can ſpare, and Thou approve
No other Gift, O hear me ſing!
In Numbers *Phœbus* does inſpire,
That ſtrings for Thee the charming Lyre.

IV.

Aloft, above the liquid Sky,
I ſtretch my Wing, and fain would go
Where *Rome*'s ſweet Swan did whilom fly;
And ſoaring, left the Clouds below;
The Muſe invoking to indue
With Strength, his Pinions, as he flew.

V.

Whether he ſings great BEAUTY's Praiſe,
Loves *gentle* Pain, or *tender* Woes;
Or chuſe, the Subject of his Lays,
The bluſhing Grape, or blooming Roſe;
Or near cool *CYRRHA*'s rocky Springs
MÆCENAS liſtens while he ſings.

VI. Yet

VI.

Yet He, no nobler Draught could boaſt,
His Muſe, or Muſick to inſpire,
Tho' all *FALERNUM*'s purple Coaſt,
Flow'd in each Glaſs, to lend Him Fire:
And on his Tables us'd to ſmile
The Vintage of rich *CHIO*'s Iſle.

VII.

MÆCENAS deign'd to hear his Songs,
His Muſe extoll'd, his Voice approv'd;
To Thee a fairer Fame belongs,
At once more pleaſing, more belov'd.
Oh! teach my Heart to bound its Flame,
As I record thy Love and Fame.

VIII.

Teach me the Paſſion to reſtrain,
As I my grateful Homage bring;
And laſt in *PHOEBU'S* humble Train
The firſt and brighteſt Genius ſing.
The Muſes Favourite pleas'd to live,
Paying them back the Fame they give.

IX. But

IX.

But Oh! as greatly I aſpire
To tell my Love, to ſpeak thy Praiſe,
Boaſting no more its ſprightly Fire,
My Boſom heaves, my Voice decays;
With Pain I touch the mournful String
And pant and languiſh as I ſing.

X.

Faint Nature now demands that Breath,
That feebly ſtrives thy Worth to ſing!
And would be huſh'd and loſt in Death,
Did not thy Care kind Succours bring!
Thy pitying Cask my Soul ſuſtain,
And call new Life in every vein.

XI.

The ſober Glaſs I now behold,
Thy Health, with fair *FANCISCA*'s joyn,
Wiſhing her Cheeks may long unfold
Such Beauties, and be ever Thine;
No Chance the tender Joy remove,
While She can pleaſe, and Thou canſt love.

XII. Thus

XII.

Thus while by You the *Britiſh* Arms
Triumphs and diſtant Fame purſue ;
The yielding FAIR reſigns her Charms,
And gives you leave to conquer too ;
Her ſnowy Neck, Her Breaſt, Her Eyes,
And all the Nymph becomes your Prize.

XIII.

What comely Grace, what Beauty ſmiles,
Upon her Lips what Sweetneſs dwells ?
Not Love himſelf ſo oft beguiles,
Nor *VENUS* ſelf ſo much excells ;
What different Fates our Paſſions ſhare,
While you enjoy, and I deſpair ?

XIV.

* *MARIA*'s Form as I ſurvey,
Her Smiles a thouſand Wounds impart ;
Each Feature ſteals my Soul away,
Each Glance deprives me of my Heart.
And chaſing thence each other Fair.
Leaves her own Image only there.

XV.

* *Mrs.* Mary Meers, *Daughter to the late Principal of* Brazen-noſe.

XV.

Altho' my anxious Breaſt deſpair,
And ſighing, hopes no kind return;
Yet for the lov'd relentleſs Fair
By Night I wake, by Day I burn.
Nor can thy Gifts ſoft Sleep ſupply,
Or ſooth my Pains, or cloſe my Eye.

The END.